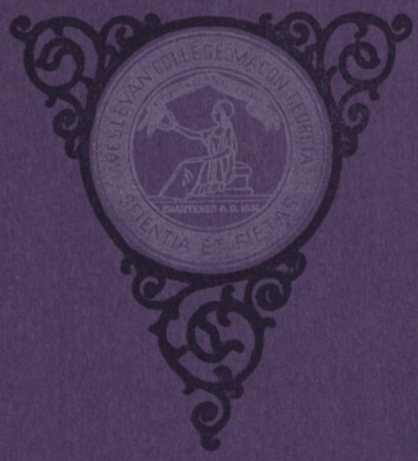




THE WESLEYAN

Gypsy Number

57



THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

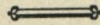
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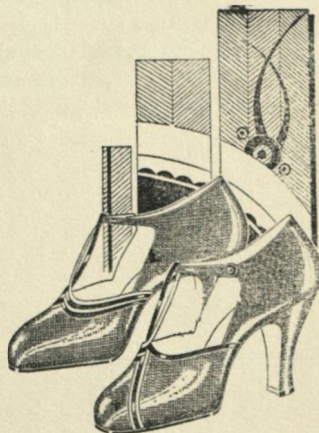
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Foreword

*The Gypsy trail comes winding
From out of the distant past
Their tireless feet come roaming
And caravans meet at last . . .*

*Where gypsy fires are lighted
By many a sun-browned hand,
Their leaping flames are sighted
From many a distant land.*

*O, come where flames are dancing
And Gypsy love ardent glows
Where hate means daggers flashing
And magic wine freely flows.*

Among the Contributors

WHAT oft was thought, but ne'er so well-expressed," might have been the motto and inspiration for Miss Marjorie Royal's clever feature article on that familiar but changeable topic, the weather. Miss Mildred Barbour reveals the eccentricities of the fortune teller entertainingly. And Miss Melissa Jack combines the reality of pot-mending with the fancy of tale-weaving as practiced by the Romany folk.

Miss Helen Lowe, Editor of the 1929 *Veterropt*, answers the oft-repeated question, "Where, oh, where, are the grand old seniors?" who left us last May in her own familiar style.

Miss Elizabeth Wilde takes as the heroine of "Scarlet Slippers" that most fascinating of women, the Spanish blonde, to the confusion of a matter-of-fact English lawyer. Miss Mary Cotton reveals a well-developed sense of the dramatic in her short story, "Gypsy Flames," bringing vividly before our eyes the contrast of a gypsy camp fire and the chill shadows of a Spanish prison.

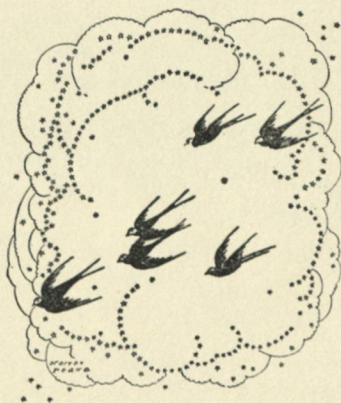
Miss Elizabeth Ingram adopts the banner of colorful speech in her poem, "Against the Common-place." She also contributes a review of Irving Brown's "Deep Song."

Miss Caroline Owen, whose well-known poem, "The Spires" appeared last year, offers several poems to readers of *Lavender*, as well as an editorial.

The *Lavender* department itself is growing and has attracted another charming poem by Miss Frances Zachary. Miss Louise Pittman also gives us a beautiful thought of the sincerity of the worship of an untrammelled people.

Autumn

*Autumn, like a gypsy,
Twirls her crimson skirts—
And lifts her flashing eyes to mine.
She calls and I must follow
My gypsy love—
Where the road runs low and wild
And the sweet marsh grass grows shoulder-high,
And red, red leaves swirl from slim, gold trees
And a tall, blue sky bends over
The road that runs low and wild.*



Scarlet Slippers

By ELIZABETH WILDE

WHAT a typically British face," you would have remarked idly to yourself if you had seen him, Arthur Trevis, III, with his firm chin, keen, candid blue eyes and large mouth with its charmingly boyish smile. And typically British likewise the little air of self-mastery and quiet purpose that seemed so oddly at variance with the aimless tangle of the dusky little curio and antique shop. His hair, which had been obscured by the shadows, suddenly shone in the gas-light as he stooped to admire a set of carved ivory chessmen—and he became no longer a type of English manhood but distinctly an individual. For that hair was black as the velvety shadows that had hidden it, leaving the less unusual features in relief. Black, and wavy.

"What's the price of these? A pound? Bit steep, but—I'll take them."

There was a curious note of embarrassment in his clear voice, and on receiving his package, he turned and left with a degree of haste that suggested flight.

"Hang it all," he grumbled to himself as he shut out the chill London fog and settled himself in his big leather chair by the fire-place. "Hang it all, Arthur, lawyer and son of a lawyer and a very practical chap you may be. But you are human, first of all, and if you want to go on a spree all your own, who's to cast the first stone?" With jerky movements he untied the parcel which had made him so keenly conscious of its presence in his pocket all the way home. When the wrappings fell away, all the golden lamplight, and flickering fire-light lay with a lingering caress upon his treasure. All the warmth and color of the room centered there on the dark wood



table—on a pair of scarlet slippers, coquettishly small, bravely high of heel, mocking with elfin charm the complete masculinity of the room—subduing it with the arrogance of a femininity conscious that in its weakness lay power undeniable.

What in the world had possessed him to buy them, instead of the sensible gift for a friend that he had come for? Here they were, mocking his loneliness, recalling the dreary weeks since his beloved father's death—whispering, in a woman's soft way, that even his fa-

ther's love had never completely filled the void in his life made by the loss of his mother. They had never discussed that void, he and his father, for his wife's name had never passed Victor Trevis' lips since that tragic day when she had drifted away from them forever. Arthur remembered her still, memories like a trail of perfume, haunting and soft. Spanish, with black hair and eyes she had been, of good family, and yet his father's people had never quite approved of the marriage. As for Dolores, loved though she was, and loving as she was, something unresponsive, chill, and colorless in the English setting to which her "Caro Ingles" had brought her clutched at her heart, and chilled the love of life that had been so joyously hers. So she slipped away, to find a land of warmth and flowers, of music and gaiety. Her husband, left with their little boy and his loneliness, feeling that he had killed the being that he adored, devoted himself to Arthur until he saw him a successful lawyer, and then went softly away to join his Dolores.

Arthur closed his mind to these memories, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair. The fog outside had thickened to a storm. Rain lashed the windows,

the wind mourned around the house. Turning out the light, he drowsed in the fire-light. The slippers still glowed on the table.

Suddenly a rustling sound aroused him, a rustle, and a tinkle—he felt a presence in the room. A breath of jasmine softened the English air, and a curious radiance fell upon his eyes. He opened them, and gasped. Coming toward him in the fire-light was a slender figure of queenly grace—a girl, in his room! Her figure was delicately modeled, and her walk bore witness to complete control of every muscle. Her skirt was of silver tissue, floating from a wide sash of blood red. A jade green serpent edged with silver wound about its fullness and seemed to move as her motion disturbed the folds of the skirt. Her sleeveless blouse was of white satin, and her hair was hidden by a scarf of black lace. A strange note in this vision of splendid color filled him with amazement—the perfect feet walking across his rugs were bare, in spite of the storm! Looking up from this discovery, he was startled by the sombre pleading of the black eyes. She stretched out her hand for the slippers. Making a supreme effort, Arthur leaped to his feet. “Who are you?” he gasped. But with the first word, the flames leaped up, lighting the whole room, and a confused impression of color flashed before his eyes. Then he and the slippers were alone in the dusk. “Dreaming, by Jove,” he said with a nervous laugh. The sound of his own voice startled him. “With your eyes opened, too,” his brain reminded him. He distinctly remembered having opened them. What was happening to him? His gaze came to rest on the slippers. “Getting romantic, I guess,” he mused. He locked the slippers into a drawer of the table and went upstairs to bed.

The weeks that followed were part of this strangeness, too. Feeling that he had perhaps been too much alone, he went constantly. Dined at his club, and went to a theatre with a friend, sometimes with a girl and another couple. But he grew nervous, restless; he had the strange feeling that he had forgotten something of vital importance. A foggy night like that on

which adventure had visited him capped the climax, and he surrendered to a strong impulse. Turning out the light, he placed the slippers again on his table, and settled himself in the armchair. An hour passed. The wind, not so violent as on that other night, whispered outside like an echo of its moan. He felt content, and closed his eyes. The same rustle and tinkle roused him. There she stood, before his fire. Her sash glowed like wine, and the bracelets on her arms glittered. The black scarf prevented his seeing her hair or getting any distinct view of her face. Its shadowy folds muffled the bright note of color in her dress, just as her pleading, tragic black eyes sobered the pleased smile that touched her lips as she beheld the slippers on the table. Again she held out her hand for them. Arthur softly put out his hand and touched the drawer in which he had kept them. She checked him with an imperious gesture. Mute anger shook her from head to foot. The pleading hand swept out possessively toward the coveted shoes. Arthur reached for the slippers, to pick them up. She drew back, trembling. It was like the quivering of the rainbow that falls on the rug when a prism hung in the sunlight is disturbed.

“Do you want them?” Arthur asked. But even as he spoke she stepped back into the shadow, and he saw her no more. His involuntary start to follow her was checked by the shrill pealing of the door bell. He stood rigid as his man went to answer it. Hearing the voice of his friend, Lionel, he dropped back into his chair, breathless, and with drops of moisture standing out on his forehead. Trained to master a world of facts, he was helpless before this situation which could not be explained.

“For goodness sake, Art, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!” Lionel was a skillful young doctor, rapidly enlarging his practice. He took Arthur’s hand and felt the galloping pulse, noted the dilated pupils and the twitching of his hands.

“What is it, old fellow?” he asked, soothingly. “Been having a shot at dope?

Dangerous stuff to fool with, but we'll fix that all right. What did you try, hashish?"

Arthur laughed. "Nothing. Though I have been having the visions of an opium eater, all right." His teeth chattered. Lionel poured him a stiff whiskey and soda. When he had grown calmer, he turned on the lights and asked conversationally:

"Now let's have it, old chap. You'll be in a bad way if you go on like this. I heard that you had blossomed out into society a lot lately and didn't know what sleep was. What is it, money or a girl?"

Arthur pointed to the shoes. "It's the slippers, Lionel. I went to a queer old shop in the fog one night, looking for something odd for old Stan Lee. You know his taste. I not only did not get him anything, but I walked out with these shoes. Why, I don't know. Now it appears that they belong to a girl, sort of Arabian Nights lady, and she is after them. She called tonight for the second time."

Lionel, remembering the stories of Arthur's mother, wondered if a lifetime of restraint had affected the emotional Spanish temperament latent beneath the matter of fact lawyer. At any rate, a vacation would do him no harm, he could afford it, and Lionel was interested to see how his mother's environment would act upon him. So a week later Arthur sailed for Spain, on Lionel's prescription of rest and change.

He went first of all to Madrid, his mother's home, and visited the art galleries, and did all the tourist stunts. Knowing no one, he drifted around alone. But at least there were no fogs. Then one night something turned up in his baggage—a knobby bundle, stuffed in with his smoking things. There in the impersonal hotel room they exercised their fascination, those scarlet slippers that he had not seen since the night of Lionel's visit. The sight of them recalled the feeling of restlessness. He wondered about the lady and felt he had perhaps deserted her unchivalrously, if she needed her shoes. His thoughts went from her bare feet to the black lace scarf. She might be Spanish. At dinner that night, he watched the ladies intently. Suddenly he caught a few words behind him.

"My dear, the most beautiful lace. At Granada—the girls there are experts and make the most elaborate mantillas." Granada? Why not? He was tired of Madrid. Perhaps romance waited at Granada. He and the slippers seemed to have united in a quest for romance. The English side of his nature was amused. The ardent side of him, somnolent for so long, was at last awake and eager to be moving. He went to Granada.

A bus with no rubber tires on its creaking wheels carried him and his baggage to a hotel on Alhambra hill. Granada, with its paved streets and modern buildings, had a Madrid-like atmosphere that seemed to prophesy failure. But, as he stood in his room that night, holding one slipper in his hand, and smiling at his notion of using it as a sort of barometer for scenting adventure, the fragrance of jasmine drifted in through the window and carried him back to his own study and the amazing visitant..

He set out eagerly to see the sights. He did see mantillas, and he dreamed in the Court of the Lions, where the water still murmured with silvery coolness. But it was all a soft lulling of the emotions, drugging adventure with beauty, ageless and passive since the day when the blood of twenty of the Abengerrages family stained forever the marble fountain in the court named for them.

An ambitious guide offered to introduce him to the Gypsy dancers, who lived in caves outside the city. Her walk had suggested a dancer, and the vividness of her dress suggested Gypsy abandon. So he went eagerly and paid the exorbitant fee of ten dollars to watch the sensuous dances of dark-skinned, calico-clad maidens, whose crude colors and frankly coquettish faces contrasted with the eastern elegance of his vision like garish daylight flooding a room that has known the languor of moonlight. He returned to his room in disgust. One last visit to the Alhambra, and then—England.

The spell of the decadent Oriental beauty of the ancient palace lay thick about him. Ivory, scarlet, and blue blended before his eyes, and the tinkling of the

fountain reminded him of the musical warning of the approach of his dream visitor. He was half dazed by the poignant sense-stimulation of this Moorish palace, as he turned back to the hotel.

From a garden next to the Alhambra came the sound of castanets. He checked his steps, and slipped through the gate. Several Gypsy girls were seated on the grass. They were dressed in silk, their skins were fairer than those of the cave-Gypsies, and there was a harmony of color in their dress unlike the barbaric tones of the other girls. One girl was dancing. The sunset light bathed her with burnished glory. A black lace scarf lay on the ground, a glowing red rose among its folds. The feet that advanced and receded, weaving a rhythmical pattern of grace, were bare. Startled, he looked up, and beheld that wonder of Spain—the dark-eyed, golden-haired blonde. But her beauty was not the greatest shock—the eyes, so black and wooing, were the ones that had pleaded with him for the slipper, from beneath the mantilla! She continued to dance, acknowledging his presence only by an increase of grace and spirit, for the Gypsy folk are quick to feel sympathy and admiration and dance in accordance with the spirit of the watcher. He had never seen anything like the hypnotic beauty of her grace, and when the dance was over, and she smiled at him expectantly, he broke his British reserve to exclaim, "You are wonderful! When may I see you dance again?"

For a moment she drew herself up haughtily, the proud dark eyes challenging his motive. Admiration and a certain shyness pleaded for him. She relented and smiled, introducing him to the other girls. They were Gypsies of purest lineage, she told him, who danced the strange half-forgotten dances of their race at the Villa Rosa Cafe, which resembled an exclusive European club. They did not dance with the patrons but created an atmosphere of freedom and abandon with their swift, appealing dances that induced the wealthy to spend freely, excited by the beauty of these girls who were so close there on the narrow dance floor and yet worlds away

as far as touching them or knowing them was concerned. Felissa and her companions were very highly paid artists, and lived, not in the caves outside the city, but in the ancient Gypsy quarters, the royalty of the Romany Rye for three reasons—youth, beauty, and purity,—of both life and heritage.

Arthur was charmed by her grace and beauty, and she enjoyed him, feeling the sincerity of his praises. He divided his time between the garden, the Villa Rosa, and the slippers!

Each meeting intensified the fire that had leaped into being when his eyes met the living eyes he had dreamed of, and they both seemed under a magic spell. One wonderful scented twilight, in the garden where they had first met, the reserve between them broke. A jade comb holding a spray of jasmine against her lovely hair slipped, and he bent above her to secure it. Suddenly she was in his arms, passive at first, and startled, then softly answering his murmured words of love.

"Will you come back to England with me, Felissa beloved?" Happiness of the expected answer lit his blue eyes. She turned her head away and played with the folds of lace in her lap. He sat silent, giving her her moment of girlish hesitation. But her eyes, when she turned to answer him at last, filled him with foreboding. They were full of tears and soft with an unspeakable sorrow.

"I love thee with all my heart. You must know that. But I cannot be the wife of a Gaco. A Gypsy weds a Gypsy, or she is dishonored, outcast. If you tired of me, I would have nowhere to turn. Every heart once kind to me would be turned away by my rejection of my people."

Frantic with fear, now that happiness seemed so close, he pleaded with her. But though she wept, she remained firm, until at last he had to take her to the Villa Rosa.

All night he and the red slippers were wakeful, and it was a serious young man who breakfasted in the patio of the hotel. Life without her was a blank he could not, would not face. The day dragged by, and at sunset they met again. He gave her the shoes and told her the reason why he

had dared to claim her. She had come to him first, he said, seeking the slippers, perhaps, but surely that counted as encouragement? She could not deny responsibility for winning him as well as the slippers? She smiled at him tenderly, with the resignation of a scattered race in her eyes.

"All my life I have wanted slippers like these. My mother danced in such shoes. After I grew up I would wear nothing but sandals, until I should find a pair like hers. These are their very twins. With all my heart I thank you. As for the vision, it was a gift of life and Fate, that we might meet and have this great love to remember all our days. But now it is for both of us to pay for these hours of heaven in a world that has not learned perfection." He bowed his head in obedience to her words and rose quietly to escort her to the Club. He would watch her dance this one last time, then he would say "good-bye."

She danced that night as none had ever seen her dance,—and she wore the dress of his dreams. When he helped her into the taxi to take her home, she suddenly turned to him with glowing eyes—

"I cannot, I cannot hurt you so, disappoint you so when you have come far, far, to find me. For all the pleasure you have given me, for understanding my ways—because you are you, so dear—I go with you, and you shall be my people, my all."

The rapture of that parting lighted by hope was brighter than anything either had ever known. But the dark watches of the night brought memories. Arthur heard again the agony of his father's voice. "I

have killed her,—she loved me, gave me all, and I alone have killed her." Should he too, carry a flower of Spain to a climate of fog and repression? Long was his battle, but at noon a message reached her:

"I cannot take your great gift, beloved. I give you my heart instead. I sail at ten."

For days the immensity of sea and sky reflected the vast emptiness of life, for him. Then, Arthur let himself into his rooms, at dusk.

"It will seem strange not to have the little shoes to welcome me," he thought bitterly. Pain twisted his face. He tossed his hat and coat into a chair and walked hastily into the living room.

Just inside the door he paused, transfixed. For, in an empty flat, where he had not been expected, a fire burned on the hearth. The house was silent, no other light shone. The curtains were drawn. He took a step forward, and a hoarse cry forced its way from his throat. There, before his chair, was a glimpse of scarlet. He took one long stride to the back of the chair—and stood rigid, as though a knife had been run through his heart. His scarlet slippers were there indeed—and more. The lovely figure of his Felissa rested at ease in the chair, wearing the dress of his visions and his moment of bliss in Spain. She was quite at home there in England, quite at rest. The slippers stretched out cosily to the fire. She was quite motionless, a little smile curving her lips, beneath the shadow of the mantilla. Quite motionless, indeed. She was dead.

To Mend a Pot and Tell a Tale

By MELISSA JACK

FOOT-LOOSE and carefree, the Gypsies dance their way across the continents in a mad whirl, stopping in each place only long enough to spin for some credulous farmer a fortune dearly paid for—and to sell their gorgeous baskets to some housewife for the price of a month's pin money. And yet we—the stay-at-home, thrifty people who look askance at the Gypsies' irresponsible, carefree wanderings and apparently lack of love for home and family life—are the very people who spend our hard-earned money just to have a dark-eyed, gorgeously-dressed Gypsy girl cast a spell over us by her hypnotic glances and slim fingers as she tells in her compelling voice that we shall have "a long life filled with happiness."

We are inclined to sit snugly in our man-made homes and condemn the Gypsies for their endless, homeless wanderings—feeling that we are so very far superior to these beings who seem never to find what they are searching for and who are fretting their restless lives away in telling fortunes, trading horses, and weaving yarns and baskets.

The Gypsy's wanderings are of joy—the joy of no horizon walls, of campfires, of the caravan in a forest, and of stars above. They are not homeless, for they carry their tents with them, and in a way they have more family life than we do who are victims of a highly organized age. A famous Gypsy—a leader of a Gypsy band in a midnight cabaret—had made such a name for himself on Piccadilly he became inspired to live as the wealthy folk of his audience. He purchased a house in New York and even copied after us Americans so exactly that he bought his furniture on the installment plan. The orderliness and correctness of it all nearly suffocated him. In a month he made the basement of this typically American abode into a subterranean tent. And here he lived with his family. The top of the house was strictly for show purposes.

Leisure—our luxury and the prime necessity of Gypsies—and the manner in which they travel both lend themselves to lives of irrepressible happiness and of poetic inspiration and song. They practice their hocus-pocus only as a means to an end—to obtain money and to please the credulous people. Their main aim in life is to enjoy the beauty around them. In a wooded knoll they gather around their camp-fires in family circles and beguile the tedium of the present and surroundings with songs in their hearts and laughter in their eyes. Some slim, bright-eyed girl will dance in hysterical happiness to the tune of a blind guitarist and his indefinable tune, and in the fire light the whole clan with all the gayness which a Gypsy can experience will participate in a protracted feast-singing and dancing. The Gypsy's only creed is: "Open tents, open hearts, let the wind blow."

Instead of taking a well planned and scheduled summer trip or vacation as we do, the Gypsies disappear suddenly with the first signs of Spring—leaving behind them disappointed maidens who expected love-potions and bent old men who revelled in having their fortunes told. The Gypsies are off to haunt the roads, to mend pots from rear of wagons to which are tethered lean horses; off to spin fairy tales for wayside children and fortunes for farmers; off to deal in horse trading and cunning tricks of thievery. This is the one and only life for the people of this tribe.

The Gypsies are cunning and deceitful and roguish. Still they are lovable rogues, and if they cheat and beg and deceive, it is so good naturedly the victim can't complain. "He'd steal his own hat just to have a laugh" is a description one Gypsy gave of another. And just as they would steal their own hat to have a laugh, just so they go restlessly wandering through life—dancing, singing, telling tales, and laughing at themselves and life.

"Only the hearthstone of old India

Will end the endless march of Gypsy feet."

Worship

*A joyous tattered gypsy band
One crystal Sabbath morn
Had stayed their restless feet to pray—
The purest maid, of Autumn born.*

*Bright sumac in her hair, with grace
That timed the swaying golden-rod
Raised high her arms beneath the sky
And sang a forest-song to God.*

*Like incense, sweet and rare it rose
And curled to the heart of God.
She sang of groves, cathedrals green,
Whose sky-roofed vistas broad*

*Exalt the hearts that worship there.
Herded close to benches sore,
Why seek that rapture within walls
That God-created Nature bore?*



Mills of the Gods

By WINNIFRED JONES

THE heavy folds of the black velvet curtains slid into place a final time and hid from thousands of eager faces the slight wan figure of a man with silver hair and wide, brown eyes. He stood for a moment facing the empty blackness of the lowered curtains. Then he hurried away with an anxious backward look as though he feared the waves of applause, which rose and fell about him, would break into reality and drown him.

Safe in his dressing room, he leaned breathless against the closed door for a moment with his violin held loosely under his arm—the violin from which came weird, sad songs of the surging of the sea, the breath of the pines, and the sweet melancholy of moonless nights to soothe the city-mad brains of restless America. He smiled wearily at a tweed-clad, burly figure, sunk deep in a worn leather reading chair across from him.

"I'm glad you're here, Hubert. The place is so lonesome—as soon as the concert's over . . ."

"I always come, my dear man. I flatter myself on my friendship with you. No, now, don't interrupt . . . I've had it on my mind for quite a while. You're a famous person, my man, and all in one short year's time. Why, the name of Victor Mark is . . ."

"Please . . ." the artist began.

"There now, let me put your violin up for you." The fat figure pulled himself partly out of the depths of the leather chair and made a half-hearted grasp for the violin—a move which he had made every night for the past year—before he sank down into the chair again and shook his head gloomily.

It was a strange friendship—this of



New York's greatest surgeon for a queer wisp of a man who had stepped out of nowhere upon the stage of fame, but who carried about him the deadly fascination of a person no one knows anything about.

"No, thank you . . . It's no trouble. Really, I love to put my violin up," the musician said mechanically, wrapping the violin in a crimson strip of velvet. Just as he stooped to lay it in the case, a hollow ratt-

ling sound slid from the violin.

"Wait," the doctor commanded, in a customary note of authority. "Something's loose inside. It must be the sound post."

"You've never heard it before?" the artist asked whimsically. "It's the rattle from a sand-snake I killed twenty-five years ago. It's an island superstition, you know, that a snake rattle makes a 'fiddle' sweeter."

"Is that so?" the doctor mused smilingly, surprised at his friend's superstition.

"Well, no, it's not," Victor confessed impulsively. "I'll really tell you why sometime. Perhaps tonight," he added, carried still further on the wave of impulse.

The cold, spring rain beat a tattoo above the roar of the fire in the artist's apartment. Flame shadows bobbed about the walls and threw into relief the amazingly young face with silver hair, as he leaned back in a deep velvet chair and began the story which he alone had known for twenty-five years:

It was the summer of 1910. Victor Mark had been married for three years and two months, and he was still most desperately in love with Joan, his wife, for he loved her even as much as he did his violin. She was tiny and fair and a bit self-centered,

but her face was surprisingly round and beautiful like a child face. Her eyes, though, were as black as midnight and dull, like the dullness of a burnt-out coal.

She had begged, and somehow he had managed, though struggling young artists have little more than their ambition, to buy a cottage at Sand Port, one of the most fashionable of southern beaches. It mattered little—to him—that it was the last cottage, but one, along the sandy beach that ran up to the very feet of a black forest.

Life ran smoothly, and love did, too. Until one day in mid-summer. Joan had just come in from her morning walk, for she always walked to escape the ceaseless melody of expertly fingered scales. Some of the sun had been caught up into her eyes, for they were flecked with light, and her fair hair glistened like the sunshine itself.

"Oh, Victor," she called excitedly as she ran up the steps into the front cabin-room with its big stone fireplace. "We aren't the last ones on the beach. Somebody's moving in the cottage below us. Let's go down and see them. Oh, please," she begged.

"But, dear, I've just begun. I really must practice, you see," he argued. "How can I keep you in clothes half as lovely as you unless I . . ."

"Always practicing—practicing—," she stormed. "I'll get sick and tired of it some day, too. Very well, I'll go alone," she ended haughtily.

But somehow the threat soon vanished in the sunshine and the beat of the sea.

As a result of Joan's neighborly visit alone, Morgan Held came down to the cottage that evening at twilight. He was straight and slim and divinely tall. He was as fair as Joan, but his eyes were fair, too, almost grey-white, and he laughed with the assurance of a man who knows that he is as fascinating as he is self-confident. He rambled on incessantly about a kind of rare sand-weed with all the enthusiasm of a struggling young biologist.

"You can find it on beaches about like this one," he said. "You know, warm, sandy ones, that never know frost. If I can

only find it, my name will be made." And he laughed confidently, for he knew that some day he would find it.

He came frequently to the cottage and Joan began taking her morning walks with him. Victor first suggested it. She so dreaded his practicing, and it was safer, too. He had never liked the idea of her walking alone. She was far too precious to risk losing.

He awoke with a start one morning in late summer. Fog faces peered in at the bare windows, and tiny drops of moisture stood on the sheets. The front door was open, and Joan was gone. He was almost mad with fear for her. Had she gone out alone? Then, he found the note, written in her round, half-printed style.

"Victor, you've been a dear, but I do love Morgan. We'll be so happy together. You have your violin. Forget me.

"Joan."

Victor could never remember how he had stood those first few weeks alone. The soul had gone out of his violin and him, but still he practiced in a dull frenzy. Weeks stretched into months, and winter had come. The sea was clear and glassy, and winds whipped around the summer cottages and through the cracks at night.

The waves of twenty long years rose and fell on the sands. The beach was now as deserted in summer as it had been in winter, for the beach was no longer fashionable.

Then, one morning in early autumn, Victor saw a flickering light from the direction of the lower cottage. He strained his eyes, trying to melt away the early morning mists. He dressed hurriedly. The blood swirled through his veins, and cold drops of perspiration numbed his hands and chilled his forehead. They had come back. They had come back. He ran out on the porch, but he stopped abruptly and sank down on the crumbling steps, his throbbing head in his hands. He sat there motionless until the sun began to shine through the mists. Then he knew that he would go away and leave them to their happiness.

But, he slipped through the mists towards the lighted window, for he must see

her again before he left her forever. The mists were heavy and thick, and fog hands pulled him backward, clutching at his open throat and bare arms, but he pushed his way to the window. Grasping the low sill, he stared into the room. A tall, slim girl with straight black hair and tired eyes was unpacking a worn suitcase. She was young and shabbily dressed, except for a pair of brilliant blue slippers—absurdly out of place in the dingy room.

"Is Mr. Held here?" he gasped through the window.

"Eh? Oh, you scared me at first. We expected nobody at this God-forsaken hole," she laughed a bit shakily. "No, he ain't here. He's out huntin' sea-weed again."

"Mrs. Held, is she here?" he asked, breathless.

"Mrs. Held? Oh, I'm her, I guess."

"No, no—the other Mrs. Held—the blonde so pretty and young—" he begged.

"Her? Oh, he didn't marry her either, and years ago she died out West, I heard, though he ain't never told me about her," she confessed.

For a moment he leaned against the

rough, weather-beaten cottage. His heart seemed to flow out his body into the logs and back again to give him strength.

Along the wet beach he followed the foot-prints, half-obliterated by the waves that spread over them and slid back, leaving them miniature lakes. The waters sloshed about his ankles with each wave, but still he ran on. The sand sucked at his feet. His breath wheezed through his set teeth. He clenched his fists and wished that the throat of Morgan Held were between his fingers, for he knew that he would kill him, and a wild song came into his heart. He knew that his soul had come back to him.

Then, he came upon Morgan Held. In a low sand-hole, back from the water's edge, a body lay, stretched out full length. Its hand clutched a bit of sand-weed—white and misty, as Morgan had often said the rare sand-weed would be. But the hand was swollen and black. From a nearby clump of bushes a lazy sand-rattler crawled from its nest. Victor ground its head beneath his heel, and took the rattle for his violin, for it was then he knew that he could give himself to his violin again.

A Prayer

*Almighty God, and Father dear—
Thou keeper of the stars that turn
Eternal in the sky, I pray
Thee shield this torch of love I burn
Beneath Thy shelt'ring hand of might
And breathe Thy strength into its flame
That it may guard him through the night.*



This Fickle Weather

By MARJORIE ROYAL

THERE comes a time in the life of everyone when the shifting wonders of the earth, the changing colors of the sky, and the beauties of the day and the night are viewed with imaginative eye. If you are old, perhaps the weather seems embodied in a hoary sage who sends the drizzling rain, the rushing torrent, the riving lightning, or the brilliant sunshine at the dictates of his mood. But, if you are very young, the weather may seem to you a fiery Gypsy maid who liberates her temperamental spirit in cloud and sunshine, in frown and smile.

Her name is like the sound of the wind in the tree crests. Her eyes and hair are like a winter's night, and the tawny transparent skin is the indescribable color of dawn. In the flash of her smile and the light of her eyes is the sun coming from behind a cloud. The breath of spring is her perfume.

With the whirling wind the Gypsy girl dances. The scattered leaves are as fantastic and multicolored as the anklets she wears above her flying feet. Swifter and swifter grows the dance as she swirls in an ecstasy of movement until finally she sinks, exhausted, to the ground. In her

sullen quietness is the lull, pregnant with foreboding, that comes before a storm. Gradually recovering she arises from her inert position and gives free rein to the fury of her temper. In the menace of her voice is the ominous roll of thunder. Spearheads of lightning dart across the sky as her dark, fierce eyes flash. The angry tears flow freely and torrential rains fall. As the tree tops bow under the storm, so do men bend before her strong will. Her passion wears away and, weeping bitterly, she hovers on the ground of her tent. Outside a slow, dismal rain falls saddening the earth and obscuring the landscape. Those who adore this impetuous creature stand helplessly in the background until the dusky head is slowly raised. The corners of her red drooping mouth turn upward, and her white teeth flash in a bright smile. The sun shines through!

The burnished shawl, the amber combs, the exotic perfumes and the jewels this girl of the road wears are the foibles of nature—it's fickleness and its delight in inconsistencies. The Gypsy maid's power over the men of her tribe is the devastating force of the elements. And who dares try to curb it?



Gypsy Flames

By MARY COTTON

THE flames of a Gypsy campfire leapt and frolicked against the shadowy sides of the rock cliff. A dusky Spanish Gypsy girl of seventeen was dancing an "abulea." Her eyes glittered as she feigned a fit of rage or sprang with head thrown back and lips parted by a smile of joy. Her brilliant skirts fluttered and tossed as she leapt in the firelight. Her small brown feet stamped the hard earth to the mad melody of a Gypsy song of freedom and to the vibrant notes of a guitar. Eager faces strained toward the dancer. Unheeding, the Gypsy girl heard the vigorous handclaps and shouting of "Alsa! Alsa!". Her agile body bent and swayed.

The campfire smoke leapt madly into the air to find its way up the jutting sides of the cliff to the cold, rough walls of a Granada prison that imposed itself like an evil eye crouched on the edge of a precipice sixty feet high above the care-free campers of the valley.

At an obscure window of the prison stood an old man, a Gypsy, his tense face and broad shoulders pressed against the bars. His hair was white. His brown eyes were riveted on the swaying figure in the valley below. Pepita, his little Pepita, was dancing by the light of the fire was dancing for him, far above her in the dark prison.

The gaze of the old Gypsy wandered. Among the eager onlookers he was looking for someone. His eyes lighted on the tall slender figure of a young Gypsy boy, who was watching with an excited face and a smile of pride the swaying figure of



the dancing girl, a boy hardly nineteen—Miguel.

"Children, children, both of them," the old Gypsy murmured unconsciously aloud. "Babies. What know they of troubles, of cares? Life for them shall be one long song of joy, one endless dance. I am old. My hair is white. I will go for him, the child. They shall be happy together, he and my little Pepita. He can care for her as I could

not much longer." The old man's mouth twitched.

"Tio Roca, Tio Roca." The old Gypsy heard his name. The sounds came from outside the barred window and yet seemed strangely near. The voice sounded very familiar. "What?" said Roca and strained his ears to catch whatever the voice might say.

"It is I, Hasul, Tio Roca. I have brought a knife. It is too late for files. I have brought a knife. When the jailor comes, Tio—"

"Hasul! You are like a fly. How could you get here? One slip—Hold tight. Why have you done this for me? Hasul—"

"Listen, Tio Roca, Matias killed the Bu-no. I know now. He told you that he saw Miguel do it to clear himself. Why did you tell the guards you did it, and go away without seeing Miguel first? Matias is drunk down there. I brought you the knife. I'm going back to kill him!"

The figure glided back to the edge of the building, clinging to the rough corners of the stones and walking on the few inches of earth between the prison and the precipice.

"Matias! Matias! Matias killed him. He

would let me die here at dawn for him—

"Hasul, don't kill him. You will be here with me to be taken away at dawn. Hasul, Hasul, you risk death twice. You still love Pepita. I wish for your sake, that she loved you.

"Matias! Dog, first me and now Hasul—"

Roca's grip tightened around the knife. Hasul had brought him. "For the jailor—" he had said. Roca's eye glittered with a hard light as he spied the drunken figure of Matias swaying as he laughed and boasted with his companions in the light of the campfire.

A dagger cut a silver path through the

air. A sickening thud was heard by those nearest Matias. His limp body sank to the earth. "Dead," someone said.

Every eye was riveted on the prison window from whence the dagger had come, and at which showed the face of an old Gypsy, the Gypsy in whose honor the dance had been given. The little dancer and her lover were looking, too.

Old Roca's face was turned toward the east where it was beginning to grow light. It was almost dawn. In less than half an hour he would be gone. There would be nothing left but dead embers of the Gypsy campfire like a memory—and then soon they would be gone, too.



Our Love

*Our love was like a night-flower—
Wondrous full and sweet
And glistening fair
To be so short-lived—
Like a night-flower, too,
It shriveled and faded
When night was gone.
But still throughout the day,
Haunting me still,
Faint perfume lingers on.*



EDITORIAL

Adventure

LIFE is many things, the wise men say. A song, a battle, a vale of delight, and a gully of gloom. It is also a tapestry, woven in living colors with the intertwined lives of myriads of people—a vibrant fabric mirroring tragedy, happiness, success—all the endings that fate writes at the end of our book of days. The threads of our days are dyed in the poignant and lasting hues of our moods—some black, some blue, some golden with the happy dye of a precious memory—and some, may we say, are green with the vernal hopes of new undertakings. But through the pageant of human emotions there runs a thread of scarlet-evidence of life tasted to the full. Adventure, brightening the age-worn fabric of custom-flaunting its vividness beside a stripe of dingy blue.

What is adventure? It is a challenge—an open road. And to what? At the end of the road of Adventure there are many rewards—there is the sting of failure—the pang of defeat; there is the wealth of satisfaction of playing the game, and the high triumph of those who have followed the way. Just what you give, as the saying goes.

A gypsy lass stood at the parting of two ways—a high road, shadowed, remote and strange—and a low road beside a peaceful valley, where the morning sunlight bathed. Which should she take? The low road was safe and open—its reward, contentment, quietude, relaxation of mind and muscle. It was a dreamy place where struggle was unheard of, and there was only the sun and the dew.

The high road climbed steeply, wound out of sight, and whispered of danger—and threats of death. The low road's safe harbor and life of content was its own reward—offered there in its smiling openness. Who knew what dwelt on the height of the peak? Who could tell if its top was attainable? A gypsy's heart is red as the thread of adventure itself, its blood is restless—and up she went. The shadows cooled her on the heights, and the sun rising higher, warmed her after the chill of the dark. The winds blowing against her gave her strength, and brought to her nostrils the fragrance of mountain flowers. At long last she stood at the top—in sunshine and beauty unknown to the drifters below. Her dress was torn, briars had raked her arms. Her bare feet were sore, and her breath came pantingly—But, the thrill of victory, the immensity of space—the triumph of having scaled the heights! What to these were a scratch and a weary limp?

Adventure rewards the brave hearts who pursue it with courage. Adventure gives back gifts undreamed of, food for the dreams and the effort of a full and successful life. But not all can climb, not all are free to try. Adventure, a generous giver, spills over onto the pages of books. Here it is, a glowing recreation to be enjoyed in safety. Even in print it has gifts to offer.—It will clear the cobwebs from your brain, it will make you forget the monotony of toil—and remember the zest for living. A scarlet thread, it winds through the stories collected for you. What will you say to Adventure? Has it a lure for you?

The Gypsy Patteran

IF you have a rusty nail about, I'll show you how a good kettle of soup can be cooked on it."

Since the olden times when the Gitanilla's straying feet followed the golden voice of her dark-haired lover, the observance of the patteran has become a firmly fixed custom of the gypsy trail. With its intricate design of grass strewn in an artistic pattern to catch the observant eyes of a gypsy, it is a message to those who follow and would take the same route as these who went on before. The wee gypsy lad, already wise in the mannerisms of his clan, with his piercing, shrewd tartar eyes, consults the branches and leaves that his father has carefully placed on the path, and ever looking onward, becomes a successful beggar or mender copper pots, as his class may be.

Following the custom of the gypsies, our predecessors at Wesleyan who have reached the end of the trail by perseverance and constant watchfulness have left us a message urging us to higher attainments. But when we, too, have attained the goal, will it be found that we have left some indications of the fact that we have lived? But our trail should be covered with bent twigs of a nature other than those of gypsy land—signs of achievement and success. Will it be difficult for our successors to interpret our message as we eagerly beckon them on to paths of service at Wesleyan? When storm clouds of discord and strife gather, the harsh winds of discouragement demolish the clearly defined patteran of our life and leave behind a distorted mind and a misleading trail.

But one patteran is still and will ever be constant, a beacon light waiting to point out the straight to the goal, for those who will look—and follow. This is the sacrifice of God's only Son in giving His own life for those who would discern His message and obey His calling faithfully. And those who follow in this trail, never stumble; there comes no hesitation at the bewildering cross-roads; storm winds never destroy this patteran. It is the gleaming medium for those who would follow and attain the goal.

Modern Literature for Girls

TODAY critics declare the modern literature for adolescent girls not to be literature but just an account of an outdoor outing. When Alger wrote his books about heroes and heroines who "climbed to the top" in spite of great difficulties, people all over the country protested, claiming that his works were not literature. However, today books for the girls in their teens are even worse. At least Alger gave a story of an adventure. He had action in his tales of how the wrongs of the innocent are always righted. A modern publisher said that the Alger books could be compared to the modern Girl Series as cheese is to chalk. Today the young girl reads such sets of books as "The Girls Scout," "The Camp Fire Girls," "The Moving Picture Girls," "The Aviatrix," "The Motor Maids," "The Outdoor Girls," and "Aunt Jane's Nieces." Each of these titles represents from five to twenty-five books. In all the plots are about the same. There is chapter after chapter telling how a group of girls have some silly adventure "Down in Dixie," "Out West," or "In the Maine Woods." There is no stimulation for the mind. The heroines are not worth studying. The plots are all the same. In fact the stories are like a small town ice cream festival or a Sunday School picnic.

William Follett stated in a recent publication that the silly books were multiplying and that because they were available in the public libraries and because parents considered them clean, girls read them more and more. He further states that these series are written and published in such a hurry that the diction and grammar are very faulty. This causes slovenliness in writing which persists throughout college. Follett says this is reason enough that these books be kept from the growing girl.

To encourage a girl to read the modern works that are rushed off the press is the same as encouraging her to use faulty grammar because the hurrying publisher left many kinds of mistakes in them. Here are a few examples given:

...."Nobody but he knew that the squire was himself the incendiary."

"He would have liked to have pitched into him."

"The blue, tin box" (a comma mistake).

"Another strata of smoke further up."

"All were sighing because like Alexander of old there were no more worlds to conquer."

"Like the crowded street car there was room for one more."

"It (a lantern) was a good type of its kind."

"Not therbig pond its tew late naow fur thet but they's a littler un ababout half way." (Some Maine woods lingo.)

"'We had ought to be finding a good tree like that Jim dandy one back. These torches ainta goin' to last'."

Even if girls speak this way it is not edifying.

"Balance of the night," or "Balance of the chums."

"Try and cannot help but."

Besides these mistakes given there is the use of the passive voice as "The cottage was reached." Also there appear such words as "tote," "snack," and "boss." In some of the printed books actually the e's are dotted.

The reading of this so-called "literature" causes the mind to be malnourished. When the child grows up she will have no taste for good literature and will also be unable to appreciate the great works. The girl in her teens should have such books as "Ivanhoe," "Treasure Island," or "Lorna Doone" at hand to read. These will stimulate her mind and give her a desire for better literature. Critics state that for the sake of American girls, American education, and American publishing and printing, all teachers, editors, publishers, parents, and educated women should denounce the "sweet girl" series.



Fortune-Telling

By MILDRED BARBOUR

THERE is a fascination, entirely irresistible, in the wandering tribe of Gypsies, who move on continually from one town to another in their carefree manner. The long, swooping skirts of the Gypsy lassies, with their bright colors flashing in the sun, and the glossy tan of their faces, accentuated by their long straight hair and dangling, shiny ear-rings, arouse every trace of adventure in our veins. It is these same luring Gypsies to whom we fall a prey when we pass by their khaki tent on the outskirts of town and see the stupendous hand painted on it, which promises us the disclosing of the mysterious future. Who is there that would not accept the opportunity for learning the reason for living?

I, for one, have always been rather curious about the concerns beyond the present; and so always—the tent door is brushed aside for me to visit the Gypsy oracle, only after I have paid the requisite sum of money. The room, or more classically, the shrine, breathes the pervading air of mysteriousness with its shadowy curtains draped psychologically to create just such an atmosphere. This is done successfully, too, as I spend the rest of the time struggling valiantly to preserve my last nerve.

Uneasily I slide into the chair before the old Gypsy, who has been silently but thoroughly eyeing her visitor up and down. Quietly, in a hypnotic fashion, she glares at the palm of my hand, which controls my life. It is rather exorbitant to be-

come reconciled to the Gypsy belief that those same little lines, stretching across the palm of my hand, really have a meaning. In the meantime she has decided exactly what future I should possess. Perhaps my atrocious need for good looks suggests to her that I should have a handsome husband as a requital. Maybe, my high school ring, which reveals that my exit from school occurred two years ago, gives me the fortune of getting married within two years. No doubt the hesitancy and reluctance which I showed in parting with the entrance fee, prompt her to donate to me a futurity plunged in wealth. And then, if she really has the super-human power to recognize that I am a single child, I am immediately endowed with the later burden of training twelve or more children. By this time my money's worth has reached its limit, and my future plans end.

A dual personality is a sensible attribute for a human being. But am I so far off nature's tracks that I possess about twenty futures? There is probably a conflict somewhere, because at the present time, according to the Gypsies, I am honeymooning in Europe, living on a western ranch, working in a New York office under my husband-to-be, and at the same time dead. In reality I am buried in books at college.

In spite of the utter impossibilities of Gypsy predictions, the fascination still remains. Who knows but that your next reading may be your real future?

LAVENDER

No. I

Against the Commonplace

(By Elizabeth Ingram)

*I want no monosyllables—
I want flame and dusk,
Shadows and sea spray,
Green palms and heat waves—
I want to twist them and weave them
And sew on a priceless gem
And many lesser ones,
And polish the underlying luster
With stars from the milky way—
I want no monosyllables.*

WAITING

I stood in the cold wind by the sea
And wrapped the black mists tight
About my body.
I waited till the cold dawn came—
But no one came,
And the dark mists settled fast
About my heart.

NIGERIA

How black is night
Without the moon
When stars take fright
And flee too soon . . .

How dark is life
For loveless hearts.
When doubts are rife
And hope departs!

FREE SKIES

Let me be free
To roam on—
Beneath the sky
Is happiness . . .
The kiss of the breeze
Cools my brow,
And the morning dew
Is my wine.
—By Frances Zachry.

THOUGHTS

Some thoughts
Like silv'ry spirals of childish laughter
Born of youthful minds and bearing little
import,
Rise into the air and fall
To be heard no more.

Other thoughts,
Like the immortal souls of men
Mounting Heavenward, are caught in the
wings of the morning
And cast into eternal sunshine.

Yet other thoughts,
Blackened and stained by remorse and
envy
Straining to rise, are impelled downward
Into a darkness from which they cannot
flee.

But loving thoughts,
Flowing from tender friendships, deep and
profound,
Like cheery firesides, warm and sweet,
Strike vibrant chords in the human heart
And dwell therein forevermore.

—By Caroline Owen.

BOOKSHELF

Low Life

—MAZA DE LA ROCHE

MAZA DE LA ROCHE has turned to Drama. After her unusual success with "Jolna" and its sequel, we expect to find a vivid bit of life, pleasantly portrayed for us in "Low Life." Miss De La Roche does not disappoint us. We smile with her characters, sympathize with them, enjoy their wholesomeness and remember them—for a while.

"Low Life," the first play in the book, and the play from which the book takes its name, might well be called a study in one phase of modern sociology, as well as a glimpse into female psychology. The charm of the play is that the author accomplishes her purpose without the reader becoming aware that there is a purpose. We are introduced to an enterprising wife and mother, a thriftless husband, and a non-paying guest. Mrs. Benn is hard working, careful, and generous in spite of herself. Mr. Benn is gentle with all the virtues that a wife should have, except that of being a good housekeeper. We agree with him when he says, "Thank God I married." Linton, the non-paying guest, is respectable, but poor, gentle, and without ambition. There is no plot to the play, but there is an attractive picture of the "Low Life" of a Canadian city.

Who would have thought it possible to find romance in an Old Men's Home? The scene of "Come True" the second play in the book, is laid in an Old Men's Home. Four grouchy, childish, but lovable old men have become staunch friends since they have been in the home. Spittal is forever raving about the "tyrangs" who will not let him go dirty when he wishes. Leaf, gentle, and timid, hates to confess the good he has done. Mr. Bestwetherick is a man of culture, even though he insists on omitting his "aitches." Waddie falls in love with Lucy, a little old woman in the Old Ladies' Home—but that is the story.

"The Return of the Emigrant" takes us to a humble Irish cottage where a mother, Maggie, and her daughter, Kirsteen, await the arrival of Mary, their sister, and aunt who is coming back to her native land after spending twenty years in America. The old world may keep the love of her sons and daughters, but the new world stirs their imagination and draws them away. This—the eternal clash between the old and the new—is what makes "The Return of the Emigrant" seem sad.

These three plays might be called sketches, briefly outlined in familiar colors. Simple they are, yet forceful, light, and appealing.

By Louise Mackay.

Rothschild's

frocks
gowns
wraps

millinery
and
accessories

MACON, GA.

Deep Song

—IRVING BROWN

IN the Introduction to DEEP SONG, which Mr. Brown calls "Adventure with Gypsy Songs and Singers in Andalusia and Other Lands," he says he wishes to share his adventures and some of the most colorful hours of his life. "We shall follow a Romani patteran through city streets and wine shops, through camps and coves. It will lead us, I hope, into the Gypsy heart and beyond into the heart of humanity." He strikes that keynote in the first few pages, awakening one weary of things prosaic to the beauties of life.

His descriptions of Holy Week in Seville are very lifelike and thrilling—picturing the holiday which combines the essence of Christianity and of paganism. He is also a good teller of tales and he has many to tell. He tells of the troubadour who shined shoes in the land of "Wine, guitars, emotion, poetry"; of the Spanish prisons where wandering spirits languish; of a Gypsy wedding in Malaga—the ceremony of which lasted three days—and many other tales of life and love.

The songs in DEEP SONG are freely translated by the author and rhymed by

him in an effort, he explains, to make up for the beautiful music that accompanies them. Some of the songs are simple ballads, but others are translated into rich poems.

This short poem is of the more pleasing type:

"Like a foolish moth that flies
Toward the flame, for you I yearn,
In the fire that lights your eyes
There is something I discern.
It is death! The strange surprise!
Yet in fires that light your eyes
Gladly would I burn!"

DEEP SONG is very satisfying to one who has always been fascinated and disillusioned by Gypsy life. Here it is seen in a romantic and absorbing light and one more easily understands their passionate natures, loves their songs and sympathizes with their misfortunes. However the ordinary reader will find there too much singing of simple folk songs.

Irving Brown is an Assistant Professor of Romance languages at Columbia University and is also the author of NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL and GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA.

—By Elizabeth Ingram.

Snyder's

A FRIEND

P. D. F.

RIDE

"SPIRIT OF WESLEYAN"

"MISS WESLEYAN"

Operated Exclusively for Wesleyan by

YELLOW CAB CO. OF MACON

ALUMNAE

OLD girls are delighted to see Helen Lowe back with us, and new girls will soon learn of her ability to find that illusive book that just loves to hide. Properly speaking, Miss Helen Lowe, B.A. graduate of last May, has returned to serve her Alma Mater as librarian. She is especially qualified to contribute to the alumnae department, being an alumna of five months' standing.

The class of '29 now has one distinction—we are the youngest alums. For a brief year we will hold to that, then annex ourselves to the rather indeterminate "alumnae" where our identity will be permanently lost.

Considering the fact that the class was graduated without a diamond, two weddings so far have exceeded our fondest hopes. Mrs. Joseph Ogburn (nee Eleanor Royal) has a darling little apartment in The Terrace on Mulberry. When you call unexpectedly she greets you at the door wearing a becoming kitchen apron, and ushers you back to her immaculate kitchen where she is preparing a meal for "Joe." She has attended a cooking school and can now prepare all the vitamins palatably. Ruth Winter Latimer was expected back at Wesleyan this fall but at the last minute the pull toward Geneva, Alabama, proved stronger and she is now living there, Mrs. S. T. Latimer.

"D" Hunnicutt was about the first member of the class to turn her brain to money. Early in the summer she secured a position as secretary to the League of Women Voters in Atlanta. This is a year round job, so "D" will have no sympathy for those of us who have chosen professions entailing starvation summers. Page and Allie are going to library school in Atlanta. They write intriguing reports of lunches they attend downtown where anywhere from six to fifteen Wesleyan girls are present. Elizabeth Allmond is completing a business course in Colum-

bus and E. Fort is beginning one. N. Welch is working in a bank in Columbus. Anna Perry Davis is secretary to the president of Emory University.

Mary Fiske and Elizabeth Jones decided to pursue knowledge a little farther. Mary at Emory and Elizabeth at Columbia. Allene Brown, Lil Shearouse, and Constance Tindall are proving their ability as journalists. Allene with her father in Cordele, Constance in Douglas and Lil in Jamaica, Long Island. Nancy Stewart is back in Macon, living with Miss Wolf and studying French and Italian in the college.

Several members of the class exhausted their energy during the strenuous four years and are recuperating this year. There are rumors of trousseaux in the making. Jean Davidson, Annie Ruth El-

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der, Dot Hill, Ruth Mann, Eleanor McDonald, Edna Percy, Mary Powell, Margorie Taylor, and Mary Henderson are staying at home.

Naturally most of the class has turned to teaching: Catherine Alley at Barney; Bernice Bassett, Byromville; Corinne Brooks, Cuthbert; Elmina Chambers, Log Cabin grammar school, Macon; Clifford Clark, Tennessee, Wesleyan; Essie Mae Cobb, Roberta; Mark Eula Crow, Midville; Margaret Edenfield, Lanier High, Macon; Helen Kate Forrester, Attapulgus; Elizabeth Gill, Moultrie; Clara Nell Hargrove, Douglas; Lois Holder, Lumpkin; Elva Kensinger, Tampa; Sara Lamon, supply teacher, Macon; Martha Lamar, Evanston; Mary Brooks Lester, Hampton; Katherine McCamy, Rome; Frances McNeill, Fayetteville; Thelma Miller, Jeffersonville; Gladys Moss, Calhoun; Martha Munro, Atens College, Ala.; Martha Orr, Waynesboro; Edith Partin, Andrew College (she has been elected sponsor of the senior class); Thel-

ma Ray, The Rock; Mary Reeves, Swainsboro; Lucy Rosser, LaFayette; Hortense Royal, Arabi; Lil Sears, Parrott; Charlotte Shields, LaFayette; Milly Stephens, Lakeland (piano); Gerry Wheeler, Porterdale; Mary Winn, Cordele; Cecelia Wright, Temple; and, Helen Goodman, Lake Wales.

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Lucretia Vanderbilt

ARISTOCRATS OF TOILETRIES

EXCHANGE

BECAUSE the first magazines of the new school year have not been published, we have not yet received exchanges from other colleges and universities. We expect to hear before next month from all the schools with which we formerly corresponded, and we hope to have many more on our exchange list this year.

While we like to give friendly advice and suggestions for the possible improvement of other magazines, we desire very much to be able to quote helpful comments from other papers. We are looking forward to seeing what other schools think of us.

After the Wesleyan for last May went to the press, we received the April, 1929, issue of "The Ridge" from William Smith College at Geveva, New York. The magazine is quite well-balanced. Two features that seemed rather unusual are the College Organizations section and the Class Notes. Although these sections probably take the place of a weekly publication, we think the Class Notes a good department for any student paper.

Among the editorials there are two articles dealing with current events. This is another division to which we are not accustomed.

The short stories have an unexpected and rather delightful twist at the very end. There are several clever feature articles. We especially liked "Spring Walk—In the Customary Manner." The "Impressions" of other girls certainly are suggestive. We also enjoyed the informal essay "Atlantis," which tells of the island where all the lost pencils, spectacles, handkerchiefs, cuff-and collar-buttons dwell.

Some of the poetry is rather good. The long poem "I Walk With Youth" contains some good imagery.

"On Being A Nurse" is an essay by a former student at William Smith College. This is a good feature, but why not have a real alumnae department?

There are several good exchanges. We should like to quote an exchange poem from the travel issue of the Russel "Sage Review."

"Tiptoe along the trail—
For if adventure learns
You're out to snatch

Her silken skirts
She'll doff them hastily
And dart with naked limbs
Around the bend.

And leave you but
The empty silken hush of life—
And wistful dreams."

The book reviews are very good. We were particularly interested in the review of Aldrous Haxley's "Point Counter Point." The article on Rebecca McCann's "Bitter Sweet Poems" is treated understandingly.

The jokes are not worn thin from repetition and are funny.

We congratulate the advertising department on its numerous "ads."

We sincerely hope to hear from "The Ridge" again soon.

Persons

Pictures for
Christmas
WARLICK'S

THE CATCH-ALL

IF I were superstitious I'd never write this column at all. There have been so many decidedly potent omens which say that I shouldn't. In the first place, it is Friday. Maybe you don't realize it, but Friday is a very unlucky day. Now, take for instance dressmaking. I have never cut out a dress on Friday which wasn't a complete failure. As a matter of fact I have never cut out one any time that wasn't a complete failure; but at present, I'm speaking of Fridays in particular. And then—classes. Often I have a perfectly miserable time in classes on Friday, and usually do I find that this is true when I haven't studied on Thursday night. If I am not called on for something I don't know, I am afraid I shall be; and that is just as bad.

Another reason why I can't quite make up my mind to write this article is that there is a cat outside my window. Of course, I am up on third floor, and the cat is on the ground; then, too, it's a very decent looking grey cat, and I have never read anything in "The Science and Psychology of Sensible Superstitions" which even implies that grey cats are harmful. Most treatises give decided preference to black cats whose favorite outdoor sport is crossing paths. However, I believe that common practical sense is as essential in the selection of superstitious-looking cats

as it is in the selection of regulation bathing suits; and since the predominating characteristic of both is durability rather than beauty, I can see no objection to grey.

Then, just as I started to write, I realized that I had forgotten my paper and had to go back after it. There are only two things that a trick like that could signify: either the disapproval of the fates, or personal dumbness. I prefer to credit the former possibility.

There are many other reasons why I feel that it is tactless for me to write this article now. Chief among the remaining reasons is a lack of something to write about. Now, of course, there are many

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things which are simply clamoring to be given attention, but somehow I feel that none of them quite answer the purpose. If I wished to be very original I might write about **A Picnic in the Woods** or **The Trials of a Freshman** or **How to Study**; but since I never go to picnics, am not a freshman, and have yet to learn any secret of concentrated study, I somehow feel that neither of those subjects would be exactly appropriate.

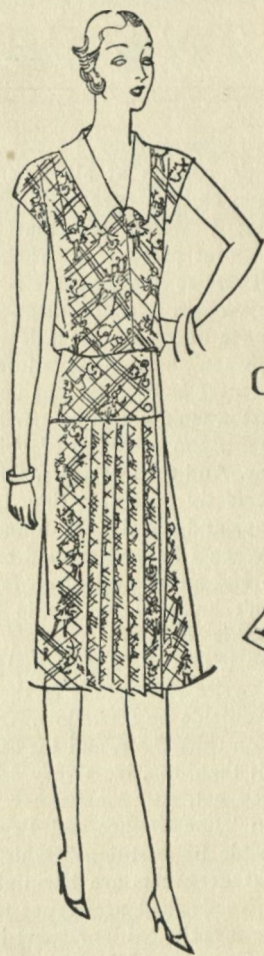
There are always historical subjects as, Washington and the Cherry Tree, Abraham Lincoln's Means of Overcoming Difficulties in his Consuming Desire to Obtain an E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N, both of which are very suitable and instructive to students, and always decidedly interesting. However, since none of these themes has ever been used before, I feel a decided delicacy in venturing on such vastly unfamiliar paths.

Perhaps it would be better if I confined my efforts to pure description. I might very easily describe a sunset or a sunrise—especially since there are so many perfectly lovely ones in the library. But I think descriptions of just scenery at no particular time of day, or of no particular spot, are always the most delightful both because of their element of interest and their element of surprise-interest, because the reader is constantly expecting something to happen, and surprise, because it never does.

How thoughtless of me! In a Gypsy issue of a magazine the only possible subject is a Gypsy. I cannot understand how I happened to make such a terrible mistake! I will now proceed with great haste to tell you about the Gypsy who, with his fierce band of followers attacked another Gypsy band, and when a storm came up, he did not heed the ominous signs in the sky and—

I knew all those bad omens would mean something! Now, just as I am all ready to write, I run out of space; and I can't tell about the Gypsies after all.

And the worst part of it all is that there is no particular reason for me not to write, now; for the cat has moved and it isn't Friday any longer!



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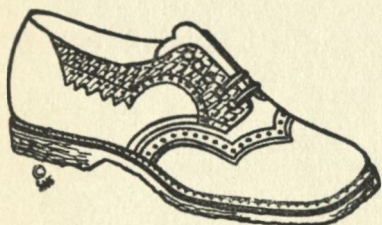
The model illustrated is of a new Printed Foulard with novel tuck-in blouse at \$3.95. A matching smock is \$3.95, also.

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TOMORROW

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When beggars shall be kings,
When dreamers shall turn doers,
When prophets shall be sages,
When growing things shall flourish,
And there shall be no night.

Tomorrow is the future
That fools and dreamers live in,
That wise men never think of,
A day that holds a promise dear
To rich and poor alike—
Tomorrow is the day that never dawns.
—By Caroline Owens.

THE ROAD

Along the weary winding road
The armies of the sunlight pass,
And crush with cruel tread
Its dust beneath their shining mass.
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Soft moonlight falls in silver rain—
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